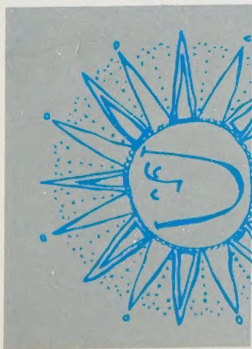


# CREATIVE ARTS YOUTH-9-14-69 1



# Youth /

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Number 16

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DESIGNER • Peggy Powell

Banfield & Powell Associates

FRONT COVER: Happy Sun / By Dianne Bracewell



planning process and...  
Arts Competition—we were faced with the task of judging and selecting the approximately 100 works which would appear in our Creative Arts I and Creative Arts II issues—and then of rejecting those 2900 entries which, of course, would not be printed.

As many of you, who received those rejections, know our notice took the form of a short poem which read:

*You sent us stories, poems or art  
Sculpture and photos—for our part  
We settled down to read and judge  
What we'd received.*

*Now comes for us the least liked thing,  
Each year in spring,  
To write to all  
Who didn't win.*

*If we had space, we'd surely print  
Each single thing which you have sent  
But as you know  
Our YOUTH is small.*

*When we print the ones selected  
We'll send a copy (don't be dejected)  
And if you're eligible  
We hope you'll enter next year.*

*Creative Arts is all of you  
Those who win and those who lose  
And to all we want to send  
Our thanks.*

THE EDITORS

receiving our notification, sat down and penned the following rejection notice of our rejection notice:

## ODE TO THE PRESENT YOUTH EDITORS WHOSE POEMS DON'T RHYME

*You sent us prose (poets you're not)  
To tell us that we're not the ones  
We settled down to read and  
Cry over the disappointment.*

*Now comes the least liked part,  
Your poem gave me  
Burn in the heart  
(And indigestion to boot?)*

*If I had space, I'd surely print  
All the problems in what you sent  
But as you know,  
My MIND is small*

*On the postage you lost a dime—  
So thanks for the poem that didn't  
rhyme.*

## THE LOSERS

At any rate, and at long last, here is CREATIVE ARTS I—we trust all our readers, those who entered and won, those who entered and lost, and those who didn't enter at all will enjoy this issue (and look forward to Creative Arts II)—despite what you may think of our editorial poetry.



Dwynne



Tom



Steve



Mark



Dianne



Linda

DIANNE BRACEWELL, ROCHESTER, MINN., 16 / "I've been drawing all my life, ever since I can remember. I can't say anything through poetry, so art is my only means of creative expression." Entries in this issue: "Happy Sun," "Thomas," and "Windy."

R. MARK ROSA, MONROE, WIS., 18 / "I became interested in photography through painting and graphic art. I feel photography and the motion picture are valid extensions of traditional art forms, and am extremely enthusiastic about their future as media of creative expression and awareness." Entries: Face #1 and Face #2.

DAVID SCHOEN, HIGHLAND, ILL., 17 / "'Hello?' was written while I was in a very depressed and lonely mood. Any creative activity while I'm depressed usually lifts my spirits; I end up feeling I might have accomplished something."

CHRISTINE LOW, STEVENS POINT, WIS., 17 / "The imagination seeks out fantasies in reality which escape the eye... these fantasies are hidden until freed by the imagination and the hand that records them. 'The Musicians' is a woodcut carved from a plank and printed with oil base ink."

LINDA HERRMANN, FOREST PARK, ILL., 19 / "My poem, 'Sorry Baby You're Too Late,' was the result of a program at Illinois Wesleyan U. called 'Afro-American Segment.' The depression I was feeling as a result of wanting both black and white students to stop seeing color and start seeing people is directly reflected in this poem."

TOM COOK, NEWTOWN, CONN., 17 / "Often I will become interested in one particular piece of design—for instance, vertical lines contrasting with horizontals—and spend weeks going around looking for this particular pattern in fences, faces, wires, etc. The photograph of the snow fence is an example of one of these projects."

PAUL METCALF, WILLOW STREET, PA., 16 / "Knocking the System" was drawn to illustrate the analogy between the growth of a weed, and the accumulation of the less desirable components of government."

JAMES GRAY, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., 16 / "The Flowery Paths... is a protest against the conformity and lack of imagination in that North American institution of torture



with others something I have experienced or trying to make a statement about things which bother me or about which I feel strongly. 'Birth of a Humanoid' is a work I did after reading Huxley's 'Brave New World.' Other Entry in issue: 'Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown.'

CAROL BREEDEN, NEW ALBANY, IND., 17 / "For me, poetry is an observation that leads to a new understanding of the people around me. At a dance where the rock group dressed unconventionally, I wondered how they would react to something as orthodox as a tie. Gradually, the poem took shape—'That Which Love Cannot Endure.'"

PAM DEWEY, TOPEKA, KAN., 18 / "I have poems scribbled on everything from gum wrappers to notes from classes. Seeing my thoughts on paper helps me to know who I am. Writing 'I Was Safe' helped me see my fear of letting people know me, as well as my threat to others."

STEVE DOUTHAT, ALEXANDRIA, KY., 15 / "My interest in photography started through the 4-H photography project. I enjoy doing experimental darkroom work as well as straight photography. 'White Medallion' is a photograph."

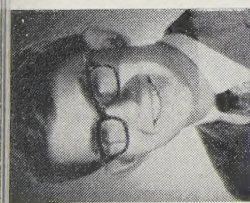
MARY LYNN EVERSON, ELMHURST, ILL., 16 / "Photography is remarkable in its ability to capture any moment and transmit it. In this photograph, 'Exhilaration at Sunrise,' I sensed the exhilaration felt by two youth as they raced across the open beach to greet the birth of a new day."

BARBARA ANDERSON, STURGEON BAY, WIS., / "I entered into my required semester of creative writing with dread and even fear of failure. But I soon realized that creative writing was my chance to be heard and acknowledged to myself and others just what I really am." Entry: "Defeat."

DWYNN FIKE, LOMBARD, ILL., 17 / Entries: Unfiled photos. "It is only recently that I became interested in photography, though creative expression has been important to me for a long time. Emotions are what make men human. They can set men apart, or offer a means of communication. Creative expression is built upon emotion."



Christine



Pam



Barbara



Carol



Cathy



Paul







Face No. 1



Face No. 2

Hello,  
Operator?  
I need help.  
When I called  
my mother, today,  
the line was broken.  
She couldn't hear me  
and  
I couldn't hear her.  
This has happened  
recently  
in the  
last few months.  
I've noticed it  
while talking  
to friends,  
adults,  
and anyone.  
Is there a defect  
in  
my  
phone?  
Could you send help?  
Hello?  
Operator?  
Operator?!  
Do you hear me?!

By David Schoen



The Musicians By Christine Low

## **SORRY, BABY, YOU'RE TOO LATE**

*The music pulses with a rhythm unknown to me,  
A strange, beautiful beat that is*

*Just outside my reach.*

*A black body twists, gyrates, swings, jerks,*

*Following the beat*

*Responding to the mystery*

Power" rally



Written by a white teen-aged girl at

I am on the outside,

Looking in with a ghostly white face  
A face strangely out of place  
A face out of tune with the beautiful Blackness  
that is this music  
and this place.

BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL

The sweatshirt on the twisting shape  
Lashes out at me  
Flashes out with black letters on an orange background;  
Even here white may not enter.

I stretch out my hand. . . .  
I cry out for a chance to listen  
A chance to speak  
A chance to understand  
And my heart begins to twist within me  
In a miracle of almost-there.  
my Heart, responds  
to something I am only on the brink of.

But the Whiteness of my hand is a wall  
The whiteness I have taken for granted  
The whiteness seldom seen as a blessing by me, who knew  
only white  
The whiteness never before felt as a curse  
That whiteness now blinds them  
Causes them, in their black oneness, to  
Reject me  
Hate me  
Ignore me.

And I am allowed to go no further than the brink.

cont'd.

Sorry, Baby, You're Too Late Cont'd.



But my eyes are adjusting to the darkness  
My eyes are beginning to see that  
the Abyss before me  
the Abyss which I may not cross  
Is too deep for my eyes to penetrate  
And much too wide for my hand to reach across  
The abyss is filled with hatred  
with injustice  
with humility, shame  
terror, disgust  
And a multitude of horrors  
400 years of abominations  
A million lifetimes of Suffering

And I scream  
LET ME HELP  
While they look on  
with contempt  
with pity  
And I scream  
LOOK AT ME  
LOOK AT ME  
NOT AT MY SKIN  
While they look on  
faintly amused  
coldly indifferent

And I am left standing on the brink  
Standing, trembling on the brink  
of an un-abridgable abyss  
As tears run soundlessly down my White face.









# OF KNOWLEDGE HAVE BEEN PAVED WITH ASPHALT

By James Gray

For its college graduates.

Alumni trotted off to Harvard, Yale  
And California without fail.

Outscored all other schools they  
On SAT and X<sup>R</sup>J.

And the school grading scale meant  
C's went down to a hundred ten percent.

Educators flocked to see  
How this miracle could be.

And they agreed unanimously:  
It was the preparation

For the coming college confrontation.  
Only doctorates were hired

And forty-eight courses were required,  
From up to English 83

To Bavarian History and Trigonometry.  
The students learned to conjugate from A to Z

"Ser" or "etre" or "sein" as the case might "be".  
They learned that Francis Pharcellus Church was born in 1839

And that me is the objective counterpart of mine.  
The dedicated teachers taught

Every worthwhile, glorious thought.  
The children learned all sorts of things,

Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—  
Of cabbages—and kings—

And why the sea is boiling hot—  
And whether pigs have wings.

Gently was pressure applied  
If ever an under-achiever were spied.

Cont'd

The Flowery Paths of Knowledge Have Been Paved with Asphalt Conf'd.

"If you continue in this way,"  
The kindly counsellor would say  
"You won't get into college  
And thus, the chance losing to get sage,  
You'll take a job with a LOW SALARY.  
To prevent such a tragedy,  
I plead with you to raise your B."  
The frightened student then would kneel,  
Realizing the threat to his commonweal,  
And tearfully ask forgiveness for his sin  
And promise never to make bad grades again.  
But by and large, the educators found,  
The pupils were individualistic, industrious, conscientious,  
uncontentious, meritorious, morally sound,  
Well healed, and best of all,  
They marched in lockstep down the hall.  
The science department's pride  
Was a brain in formaldehyde,  
A crumpled, wrinkly mass of white.  
One rather unkind student said  
The pickled brain was from the head  
Of a student who annoyed  
His teachers with all the questions he played.  
The educators were troubled by this accusation  
But found it false by asking the administration.  
Finally the day would come  
When books are closed and schoolwork done.  
The principal, waxing eloquent,  
Would say, "My friends, your development  
Is just begun and adventures are yet to be  
In life, the world's most wonderful place."



Birth of a Humanoid By Cathy Hess



its flowery pathways, its narrowed nails,

The independent-action, goal-oriented courses within its walls."

Then the graduates would form a file

And as each name was called two parents would smile

And simultaneously think that he or she

Had guided the child thru life singlehandedly,

The ceremony done, the parents pressed 'round the budding savants

To pat their heads and shake their hands.

But strangely, they knew not which to claim:

The graduates all looked the same.

## THAT WHICH LOVE CANNOT ENDURE

Gary, my love, with your shoulder length hair,

Your beer can ring chain, and mustache,

An old army coat and unbelted waist

And growing cigarette ash,

I love your boots, your bass, your group,

Your singing makes me sigh,

But Gary, my dear, though my love is great,

I cannot stand that tie!

Carol Breeden



THOMAS By Dianne Bracewell

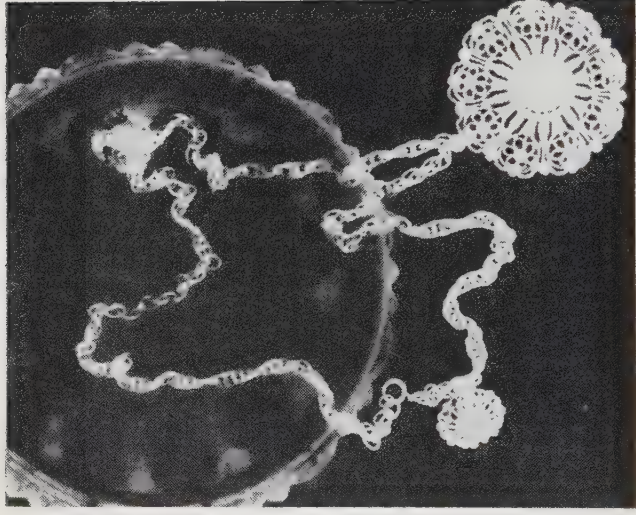
*I was safe in my embryo of apathy.  
Safe until your face broke the thin membrane  
And I spilled out:*

*my jelly heart ran into my  
hardened tears,  
my words crystalized  
into cliches.*

*The new me is unborn.  
I am still incomplete.  
I still have hurts from my other self.  
I am ugly and red; my eyes are swollen still.  
I need time to repair myself and start over  
Before you begin to enter my life.*

*Will you accept me like this?  
Even with the old me still visible?  
There must have been something wrong,  
They all ran away, didn't they?  
Why are you trying to love me?  
What do you see besides the red eyes?*

*You'll probably make me cry like all the others.  
But, that's a chance I'll take.  
I'll pretend awhile, then maybe my eyes will dry,  
Or maybe I'll make you cry.*



(Photogram) White Medallion  
By Steve Douthat





## DEFEAT

By Barbara A. Anderson

Crumps, why did I come here in the first place? The dimly lighted room is sort of exciting with its deformed shadows and dark corners, but I have better things to do. No one would believe me if I told them, so I won't. Not one of those sophisticated phoneys knows a thing about the real world—like life in the woods at night, especially on a night like this. It would be quiet, so quiet you could feel the silence crushing you and detaching you from yourself, leaving you free to wander alone. You feel everything, even the color of the twisted trees. You smell the delicious pine as you slither through them. You pause to blend with the tangled texture of the disintegrating logs. You are the woods. It knows you are there and whispers, teaching you the ways of something unknown to the human ear.

But I'm not enjoying the woods at night. Instead of silence, the blasting sound waves of "I Want Your Loving, Baby" are teasing my body to perform the grotesque movements I see before me.

The beat. The thumping, penetrating, all-

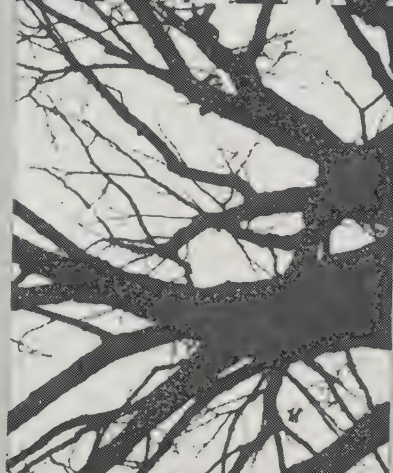
me into you, to her, to him; but I don't want to be shoved, I'm me.

I want to scream and shout and tell the whole pack of them that they don't know what music is: the breath of the violins, the mellow tones of the royal horns, all blending into the passionate language of Debussy, Berlioz, or Mendelssohn. But my better half deserts me and all I see is red, blue, love and war, gray, green, hate and space. Oh, why am I here?

I know why. I'm here because Jim Fletcher is here, and I want to have a boyfriend like everyone else. But, my dear girl, isn't that what you're fighting, everyone else?

Good grief, stupid, stop it! But why shouldn't I be like everyone else and I do want

That's it. Even my body has betrayed me.  
I'm really swinging. Jim is all smiles and, oh, I'm  
sure he will be mine. So let the beat go on and  
on and on. . . .



huge gentle branches gaze knowingly  
at the passing people while delicate  
young fingers reach lovingly toward the  
sky



CAROL HOLCOM, OTSEGO, MICH., 18 / "I write mostly for my own enjoyment, although 'And You're Gone' was written for a school assignment. I think creative writing is a constructive, quiet way of expressing yourself, but it can still be powerful. This selection is just an observation of mine of how people take their lives for granted."

LANCE OLLER, OAK PARK, ILL., 17 1/2 / "I am self-taught in photography and have exhibited at Oak Park High School, Austin Art Fair, and the Third Unitarian Church in Chicago. I won't comment specifically on my works, for I believe them to be a statement in their own right."

JANET ADAMS, BOYERTOWN, PA., 18 / "I have always loved words and all sorts of literature, especially contemporary types of literary expression. I created my first short story when I was in the first grade, and my first poem the following year. . . . There does exist a Grape Farm (of sorts) which has always been accessible to the rest of my family and me with my delighted imagination. But, as for the grapes turning silver by moonlight . . . well, I cannot say I have ever seen the purple fruit by moonlight, except, perhaps, in my dreams."

EILEEN REESE, LITTLETON, COL., 16 / "When I wrote 'People,' my group of friends were in the midst of a fight among themselves and the poem seemed to express the thoughtlessness and hurt which I saw among them. Poetry seems to be a spontaneous way of sorting out my thoughts and viewing my feelings."

KEVIN BUBRISKI, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., 14 / Photo: "Snow at St. Patrick's." "Last Christmas I received a good camera which had belonged to my father, and then a friend of ours got me interested in the developing and printing of photographs. I have found that I am most interested in patterns, designs, and high contrast experiments, rather than the conventional story-telling type of picture. I feel that my interest in photography has made me much more alert to detail, and to the world around me."

JAMES RYAN, MIDDLETOWN, DEL., 13 / "In the short, clipped lines of 'The Skirmish' I wished to express primitive expressions thrown against a peaceful sylvan background, much

Dave



Vicki



Kevin



Lance



Frances



to it. Through this poster, I want to trigger such questions as: Would Christ want us to kill for peace? Is our country in reality asking our young men to kill for peace? Who has gained the peace; the one who has been killed or the one who has killed?"

DAVID PAGE, SAN RAFAEL, CAL., 17 / "Dedication" was written in California in the fall of 1968 after I had hitched to Chicago. I feel the universal need to enlarge my living experience—the basis for all expression—so I travel as much as possible. My poems are the history of the trains and lovers I have known.

ANITA DOUTHAT, ALEXANDRIA, KY., 18 / "My entries are all photography class assignments I took this year as a freshman at the Illinois Institute of Technology's Institute of Design in Chicago. 'A City Rises' is a triple exposure of Cincinnati's new stadium and skyline." Other entry in issue: "Snowflake."

BETH GREEN, ALEXANDRIA, VA., 13 / "From the first time I scribbled with a crayon on the first book I got my hands on, I've always been interested and enjoyed expressing my feelings with art. My latest favorite art form is making word posters with India ink. I was introduced to different styles of printing two years ago by a school art teacher. My interest has developed into making posters covered with words written in different styles, like 'Verbals.'"

FRANCES TINTI, STAFFORD SPRINGS, CONN., "I wrote 'Richie Haven's Concert' that night while I was still in the odd, sad, happy mood he created. I had an ache that made me want to touch everyone as he had touched me, and to share my sorrows, soul, and joy with the people around me. . . I love poetry since it's such a free thing and adapts easily to the kaleidoscope of moods and thoughts swirling inside of me."

DIONE CARBONE, SANDY HOOK, CONN., 17 / "My entry, 'David,' has no special meaning to me—it was more of an experiment in linear drawing. I was basically concerned with line rather than in the subject. I was satisfied with the result. I achieved a fairly interesting composition."

2

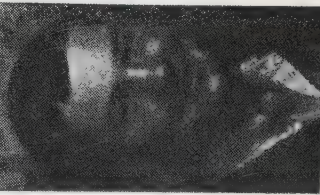
Eileen



Carol



Beth



Janet

Jim





## **"AND YOU'RE GONE"**

*Remember when you ran out in the sun,  
And laughed and played and life was very good.  
Remember how your day was full of fun,  
Your life was yours alone, and so it should.  
And then your time was used in other ways.  
Your days were not so full of fun and game.  
The sun was something on which to rest your gaze,  
Too busy now in search of wealth and fame.  
But then the pace is made again more slow;  
Now neither work nor play is longer needed.  
You sit and watch the sun as memories grow,  
And somehow you may feel that you've been cheated.  
  
Our lives begin and end as all things do,  
But what is in the sun belongs to you.*

By Carol Holcom





## OF GRAPE FARM

By Janet Adams

A drab gray stone farmhouse sits atop a barren, weedy hill. And a barn. The house is old and tattered, and the barn but the frame of some animal hovel. The lane leading to the hulking house is overgrown, for the weeds that thrive there are wise in the manners of men. They feel welcome to overgrow the dirt-stone lane. The wise weeds grow also in the old yard of the house and around the empty barn and old sheds and even up the building walls. To one side of this sad farmyard is a great wooden grape arbor. It, too, like the house and barn and sheds, has known better days. The wise weeds have commenced their timeless task here also, for the grape vines are choked and dead, and the weeds now drape the wood beams of the arbor. The wise weeds work a great task: as they grow to clutch and strangle and hide the sad farmyard with its deserted house and barn and sheds and grape arbor, memory of Grape Farm is also clutched and strangled and hidden. And it has been ages since the wise weeds have made any

city. For true farming does not pay as well as city jobs might, if a man has a wife and strong children who can stand at an assembly line and put cheap clothes together or sort low-grade food in a make-shift way. And if some rich city fool is willing to pay a high price for a losing cause, then the time has come to sell the beautiful Grape Farm.

The fool from the city was not really a fool, but a fine man. The wife was a fine woman. And their boy child both beautiful and fine. And if a man and woman have dreamed all their lives to live at such a pleasant place, then they are not fools, for they can laugh and cry and tell each other how lucky they are to be moving to beautiful Grape Farm.

But if the man knows nothing of the land except that he has always wished to live on a farm, and the woman knows nothing but that she has always wished to live on a farm, and if living on a beautiful farm means nothing more than to drive every day back to the city to earn a living and to

was gay, and the grasses grew in the yard and along the dirt-stone lane. Lilacs bloomed on huge bushes all over Grape Farm, and the bees buzzed merrily in and out of the sweet blossoms. Birds built their nests under the roof of the gay sun porch, and geese and ducks with their goslings and ducklings bobbed along the creek that bubbled round the Grape Farm hill. Too, there were children in the farmyard and up in the hay loft and round the sheds. Children to pasture the milk cows and scatter the ducks' feed and gather the great eggs. Children to run the long lane and pluck the flowers from the sides of the juicy, plump, purple grapes growing on the great grape arbor of Grape Farm.

Even before the days of true farming, Grape Farm had taken its name from the beautiful purple grapes which grew on the great wooden arbor. These grapes were known in a great many places for their sweetness and deep flavor and plentitude. Once a legend had even existed, some miracle story concerning the Grape Farm grapes. But the old wives' tale had long been forgotten, and only the children wondered at the perfection of the deep-flavored fruit.

And only the children cried when the true farming families left Grape Farm for a life in the

They are overcome by the magical beauty of Grape Farm and the dirt-stone lane and the wooden grape arbor and the fragrant lilacs and the bubbling creek and the quaint sheds and even the barn. And they vow that in the morning they shall cancel the coming of the gardener whom they hired and shall care for the lovely farm by themselves. The man says, I have plenty of spare time and can easily prune bushes and mow grasses before I leave for work each day and when I return home each evening. And the woman promises also. She will gather eggs and fill the home with lilacs before she runs to any committee meetings. And only the boy child pouts, for it is still certain that he must leave for the private school once they have settled.

Thus the first day passes most pleasantly for the newly-come city people, for Grape Farm is a bewitching farm to the one-time seer. Only those who have loved it and have worked hard to care for it know its lasting enchantment.

In earlier times when the night had come to Grape Farm, those who knew its lasting loveliness were quick to turn out lights and whisper prayers and sleep deeply. But the newly-come are too happy and excited this very first night in their new home and suffer a blissful insomnia. And in the silver moonlight's witchery the boy child secretly romps in the forbidden hayloft and teases the ducks and geese. And even the fine man and woman are not in their bed, but gaze from a window, down at their Grape Farm.

Cont'd



—Wife, my wife, he whispers, We are free here to do as we please. We are the owners of our land. And all the space around us as far, as far as you can see is our own.

—Yes, she replies quietly, but the exciting thought is somehow chilling, not warming, to her.

—So let us go down to the farmyard in the moonlight and see again our beautiful Grape Farm. He pleads as a child pleads to hold a new toy. Oh, how lucky we are to be here! And in his excitement he pulls her down the house steps, unto the sun porch, and into the moonlit farmyard. And they gaze with pride at all the amazing beauty that is theirs: the land, the creek, the lilacs, the grape arbor . . .

—Truly, my wife, do you see as I do? And the man's eyes are round and disbelieving, fixed on the fruit hanging in clusters from the wooden arbor.

—Truly, my husband, I do! And there is a fear in her voice, for her gaze is turned back to her husband's face, and in a poor way she can see the foolishness of the man, although she does not recognize it as such.

His thoughts are not on his fool's heart, nor on his beautiful farm, nor on his fine wife, for as he stares he cannot credit that which he surely sees. Wife, wife, his hoarse fool's voice cries, Have our grapes not truly turned to silver, SILVER? And as he rushes forward to see more closely the great

her fool's heart also. Her heart is weak, and she follows her husband to the arbor from which the precious silver grapes lure.

—Truly, wife, do you see? DO YOU SEE? They are silver, our grapes are turned silver. The man begins slowly to pluck the gleaming clusters, but his wife can only stare at the bewitching fruit. Wife, do you stand there idly? His hands move more nimbly. Bring me pans and buckets and tubs, for this treasure is ours, and we shall have it. And the greed in his heart becomes the greed in hers also as she races to the house to grab as many containers as she can handle. Her fingers fly also to pluck the treasure. As the pots and buckets and tubs fill with the wondrous silver, she brings vases and cloth sacks from the house to hold the miracle fruit. Their eyes grow round at the abundance of their bright treasure, then fold to thin slits, for as the dawn approaches, their minds are working in time with the beat of greedy hearts.

—Wife, the man manages to whisper between clutches. We must hide our silver. And her head nods also in dumb agreement.

—But where can we possibly store all this gleaming silver? Her mind works slowly. Surely, we cannot have our store in the house, for visitors may come and find our secret. And surely not in the barn, for the child will see, and he will not understand that we must be secretive about grapes



Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown By Cathy Hess

there until I find a market for our grapes and a bank to take our money, and the greed in his heart is an urging pain.

—It is close to morning now, the wife says. We must hide them soon to be safe. She has grown cautious in her greed. The pain of his greed grows. He insists that the very last grape be plucked from the vines. Then, and only then, will they pull and push until every container of precious silver is in the dark shed, close to the house, and they will bar the door with chests and a chair—for the time being at least.

Finally, it is time for the fool and his wife to trudge wearily to their bedroom; but again they cannot sleep, and their insomnia is no longer blissful. It is terrifying in its power and evil nature, and the man and woman fear greedily for the treasure which gleams enticingly in the dark farm shed. And because he has no rest, the man makes his way again to the farmyard. Without pausing to admire his lilacs or lane or now empty arbor, he crosses to the shed door. There, inside, he croons over the treasure, and the greed of his heart knows some satisfaction. But the tired mind is yet alert, as the noisy beating of his greedy heart increases the perception of his senses.

—Wife, wife, he calls, as softly as is possible to call through a still night, Truly, wife, someone lurks at the barn door! And it is greed in the foolish woman's heart overpowering her mind and the mind of her mate; Help me, my wife, he screams,

cont'd.

## PEOPLE

*funny isn't it  
how people say  
to you—*

*"how are you,  
you're looking fine.  
see you soon"*

*and then they  
change their mask  
and turn away:*

*To someone else  
they say of you  
"I hate him"*

*and then they laugh and  
go on with their day  
never dreaming*

*You were standing there beside  
hearing every killing word  
and slowly dying.*

for surely it is a robber come for our silver, our treasure. And it is greed overpowering her hands as she reaches for an old gun which hangs over the farmhouse's fireplace. And it is greed that places wings on her feet and agility in her hands as she reaches the weapon to him who will protect their precious hoard. And it is greed which blinds his eyes also, so that he sees only a menace to his treasure. And it is malicious greed which pulls the rusty trigger of the weapon, the means of preserving the great riches. And it is the greed of evil hearts which rejoices to hear the marauder scream, fall, and lie still . . .

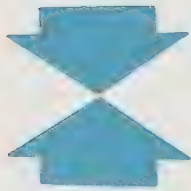
. . . but it is the foolish man and his foolish wife who clutch the headless body of the dead little boy child.

The wise weeds work a great task: as they grow to clutch and strangle and hide the sad farmyard with its deserted house and barn and sheds and grape arbor, memory of Grape Farm is also clutched and strangled and hidden. And it has been ages since the wise weeds have made any mention of Grape Farm to anyone at all.





Snow at St. Patrick's By Kevin Bubri



## THE SKIRMISH

*Forest glades silent,  
Mid-noon rays slanting  
Down to earth.*

*Rustlings in bush,  
Pervading silence  
Broken.*

*Stealthy steppings  
In bushes under  
climbing sun.*

*Stalking men preparing  
Death  
For other men.*

*Sudden shouts  
Resound  
Through wood.*

*War cries*

of burnished steel

Slice flesh

Reddening.

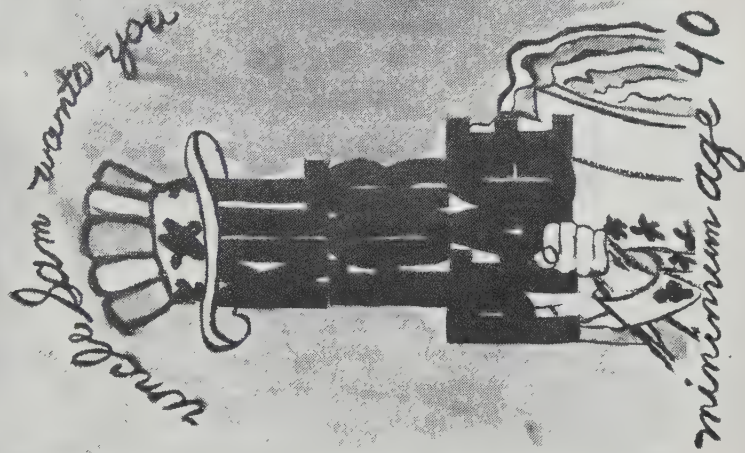
Recede now cries  
With death.

Silence reigns  
Through forest  
Warmed

By sun.  
Both red.

One dying,  
One filled with death.

By James W. Ryan



By Vicki Hill



*This is for all those nights  
Spent upstairs on 106th Street;  
Nights of drinking beer and telling  
Lies in the heat of the Chicago summer.*

*And for the afternoons of riding trains  
Downtown to shop and dodge the dead  
Fish on Lake Michigan (they must all  
be dead by now).*

*This is for the evenings spent  
On the backporch, screened and  
Three steps up, drinking more beer  
And keeping out of the hot rain  
That falls from noon to six.*

*I wasn't very old then.  
None of us were.  
It was a long time ago.  
But not that long ago.*

*And this is for the nights  
Spent playing guitar for  
The lady next door whose son  
Was leaving for California but  
Left before I could beg a ride.  
And for the apartment across town  
With the bottle and a chair above the street.*

*And this is for the hours  
Spent in Union Station, waiting  
For something or someone;  
Being found by neither.*

*Sleeping on the wood benches by  
The phone booth and the cigarette  
Machine-Out-Of-Order.*

*And this is for all the*

*Cars*

*Trucks*

*Trains*

*Strangers*

*Friends*

*Cowboys (in Wyoming) and Lovers*

*Who waved to me*

*swore at me*

*gave me a ride*

*passed me by*

*laughed at me*

*and smiled to me*

*As I passed through their hamlet*

*While crossing this country*

*In the heat of summer.*









NCERT

I feel small and giant  
look around and see all the people

oh gee

they don't even know me and  
every one  
has



David, By Dione Carbone

long straight hair or black fuzzy hair

and

me me me me

I love his voice, go on forever, Richie, it's groooooovy  
how do you know that I feel this same sadness

soul

pangs

twangs

tears

beat

thrill

lean back and

clap and

clap and

Oh!

I feel so big! So small!

I'll never see that girl with the glasses, beads, floppy hat  
just think!

fuzzy bushy boy where will you be March 29, 1970? Hmmm?

We file out.

In me I have a little pocket to put this experience  
lovely Richie, telling me your thoughts your soul

you make me feel alive  
I am alive!

By Francis Tinti

RICHIE HAVEN



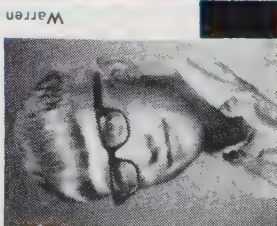
JOEL SCHIFFMAN, ELMHURST, ILL., 17 / "I began writing when I realized that it was the best means of reaching people with my ideas. I prefer writing fiction because it gives an author the most possibilities to use his imagination." Entry: "That's How Things Are Done Now."

WARREN BURDA, BOISE, IDAHO, 16 / "At an early age I was fascinated with the beauty of nature with all of its aspects of shape and color. As I grew older, I took art lessons, and learned to be creative in creating things that expressed my love for nature and life. Gradually, my appreciation for man, his creations, for nature and God's beauty, and for the world, increased with my creative ability."

BECKY SCHLEMMER, PARMA, OHIO, 19 / "Frustration for me is not being able to write in the poetic style that I enjoy reading most. Yet, I shall continue to record my concerns and emotions in my own style, constantly striving for simplicity, compactness of form, and thus, impact." Entry: "Theory of Relativity."

JENNIFER FLANNERY, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., / "The Unveiling of Truth' is one of my attempts to explain what happened to me during a period of time which was painful, confusing, and depressing . . . and what will continue to happen as I grow and learn through life. Now I've come to a point where I believe more strongly than ever in my philosophy of God and when I get confused or depressed I take a walk alone—then my feeling of contented security and renewed patience and hope returns."

DALE CRAIL, ST. CLOUD, FLA., 16 / Entry: "It's Just a Game." "All my works are written wholly for the purpose of entertaining others, as well as myself. Perhaps some people can draw meaning or find enlightenment in my writings, but



Warren



Sue



Becky



Jana



wonders. I wrote 'Loneliness' last winter during a heavy snowstorm on a Saturday night. I've found that when I'm feeling down and I've got a lot on my mind, writing it down helps me get over the locked up feeling."

JANNA BRUENE, GLADBROOK, IOWA, 19 / "Youth is lonely' was written one day when I felt like I've felt a million times since—full of 'sweet sorrow.' I think everyone occasionally feels a sort of martyrdom for being a human being. But what would life be without the aches and pains to go along with the happiness? Perhaps someday I will think 'Old age is lonely. It hurts. I ache.'"

JANA FOTHERGILL, STEVENS POINT, WIS, 18 / "Art has become such a part of my way of life and my understanding of life that I can't imagine myself without it. I consider 'Two Circles' to be the beginning of the concentrated and serious search for valid and meaningful creative expression which will lead me eventually through a Bachelor's and hopefully a Master's of Fine Arts and to my own style of expression."

SUSAN FARRINGER, NORTH MANCHESTER, IND., 17 / "Easter' was written in response to an April English assignment to 'write about Easter.' I remember being disgusted by this particular assignment, being unsure whether I would work with the topic creatively. I am especially interested in creative expression now, as I am realizing that many schools and other dominating environments are smothering spontaneity and creativeness—by hiding, disguising, ignoring, or even preventing it."

BILL FRIEDRICH, ST. LOUIS, MO., 18 / "I became interested in creative writing by reading. I read poems, stories, books, and had feelings I wished I could express in poetry. . . . The week before I began to write down 'The Barn Isn't on the Road' I felt sort of pregnant with things I wanted to say. My feelings built up till I wrote them down. When I finally wrote them, they weren't just words, but almost a part of myself."



Bill



Jennifer

Joel



Dale



## THAT'S HOW THINGS ARE DONE, NOW

Joel Schiffman

The car went into a treacherous skid to his left, and out of his window, the driver could see the fender of a large Cadillac filling his field of vision. He spun the wheel left, and punched the gas pedal with his foot. The car swung straight for a moment but then began to swap ends. "Oh God, I've had it now," he thought as he tugged his seat belt free and threw himself on the floor.

As he lay there, he could hear the tires scraping on the ice. There was a loud crunch, and all was quiet. He pulled himself up, dragged his body through the shattered windshield, rolled off the hood, and lay still in the snow on his stomach. A voice asked him if he was okay and he said no. His eyelids shut by themselves, and when he convinced them to open again, he found himself

know what I hit.

The Policeman listened for a while, then got up and started pacing up and down. "What were you doing out after curfew? You must be aware of the penalty for that. You know you have been under our watch since your brother's conviction. Your behavior has been quite interesting. Major Kretschmer is not very happy with the reports on you. And then, of all the autos in the country, you had to hit his." The man was very excited, and hard to understand. David closed his eyes; he was so tired. Suddenly he screamed out in agony, the stranger was tapping the cast on his leg with the butt of a small revolver.

The man spoke again when David had settled down, "You aren't going to get rid of us by

he had seen David leave the house of a known radical, and had followed him until the accident. Then, the State's attorney announced that he had proof that Mr. Percy was just as guilty of treason and anarchy as his brother was.

David was horrified, he was being framed, and there was nothing that he could do about it. When he tried to object, he was told to shut up, he wasn't going to be allowed to bring in witnesses or introduce evidence. He didn't know what to do, and he was still speechless when Kretschmer announced the verdict. "Fifty thousand dollars fine, and twenty years in a work camp."

David couldn't believe it. He kept thinking, "Where the hell am I going to get fifty thousand dollars? What am I going to do now?" He was still completely bewildered when they let his wife in to see him. She had heard the news, and she was in hysterics. She kept crying and screaming and finally the



name, he answered, "David

Percy." The boots moved out of sight and he felt himself being lifted onto a stretcher. The pain was terrible and he began to cry.

In the ambulance he was given a shot and he drifted into sleep. When he awoke, he was in a brilliantly lit hospital room. He called out and a stiffly dressed nurse came in and looked at him. "Someone to see you," she said. Expecting his wife, Gail, he was very surprised to hear a heavily accented man announce, "I'm going to ask you some questions, Mr. Percy." A man wearing a trenchcoat came in and sat down in a straightbacked chair at the foot of the bed. David wondered about the accent, it was either Russian or German, and he listened to the man with misgivings. The stranger showed him a Police badge and asked him to describe the accident.

"I was driving slowly down the middle of the road, trying to avoid the ice. Some idiot in a Cadillac had parked too far from the curb and I skidded when I pulled around him. I still don't

Percy, see you at the trial."

David hated very few people in his life, but that foreigner was at the top of his list. He knew that when the trial came, the judge would not accept his excuse. Just because his pregnant wife craved for some potato salad at 11:00 p.m. was no reason to go chasing around town when he was supposed to be at home.

The next morning, the nurse woke him and told him that the trial was going to be held in his room that afternoon. She hoped he could put up a good defense, and gave him another shot and he went back to sleep.

When he awoke, his room was filled with several strangers. . . the man with the accent was there and the rest were introduced. Major Kretschmer was going to act as judge, a Mr. O'Brien was the arresting officer, and a Mr. Donald Walker was State's attorney.

First the man with the accent told how David had called the Major several names when he had been informed of the circumstances. Then, O'Brien told how

to sleep.

He first became conscious of a strange whimpering nearby. He opened his eyes and looked around. He was startled to see gray screens around his bed, and he called for someone. A uniformed attendant came and pulled back the screens. In the bed next to him, he saw his wife, strapped in. He heard someone laughing and the man with the accent appeared. He spoke with authority, "It is time for us to be properly introduced, Mr. Percy, I am Colonel Franz, and this," he waved his arm dramatically, "is 'Aiwa Camp'." He saw David staring at his wife and he explained. "Your wife was not very cooperative when we tried to collect your things. She has come along for the ride, but she'll only be here for a few weeks." Franz put his hand on the young man's shoulder and said, "it would be a shame for her if you don't resign yourself to the truth. I am in complete charge here, and you are going to do as I say." David lay still for a few moments, and then swung

cont'd.

his heavy cast at the man's face. It erupted in a splash of blood. Franz jabbed David's leg, and David fainted.

He first became conscious of a terrible hunger. He looked around and saw a tall black man bending over him. "O' man, we thought you were a gonner when you slugged his highness' pretty face. Real glad to know you, Percy. Name's Harriman, Leroi Harriman."

David looked around and found he was on a top bunk in a large barracks type building. He didn't realize just how tall Harriman was until he sat up, Leroi was at least seven feet, and probably more. David saw that his casts had been removed and replaced by iron splints that held his left arm and leg firmly. He started to reach for a pair of crutches propped against the bed, but overbalanced, and fell off the bed. Harriman waited until he was almost to the floor before moving. In one motion he grabbed David, lifted him back

crutches, and gave a small bow. David stared spellbound at the Afro until the man spoke. "I used to be in an aerial act. You gotta have good timing. I got sent here when I joined the freedom movement."

David said, "Great, but how did I get here. And where is here?"

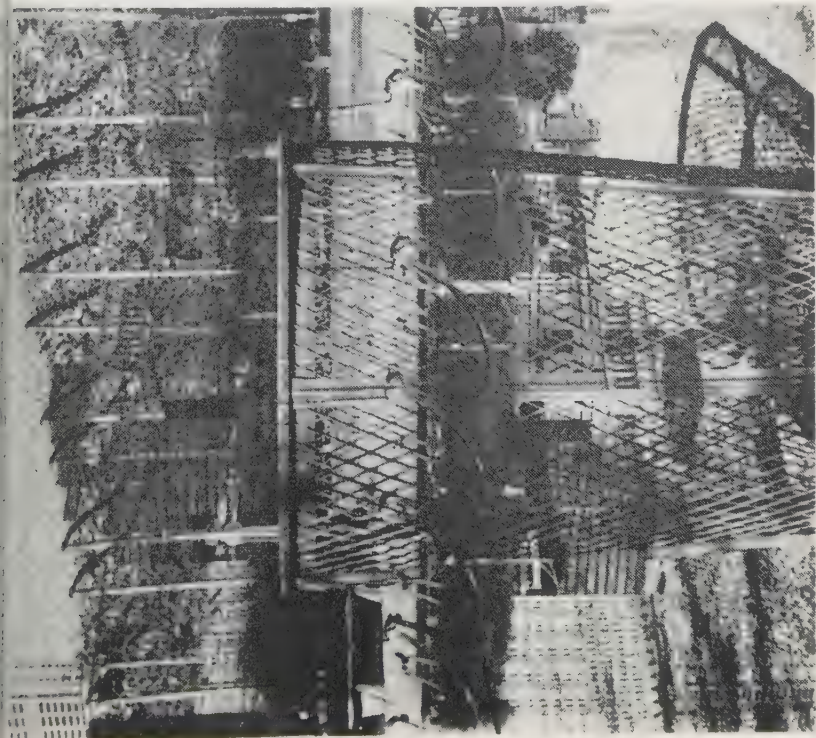
Harriman smiled and explained, "After you belted 'El Finko Supremo', they kept giving you sedatives until you healed enough to be moved here . . . hut three . . . You haven't had anything solid for about three weeks, so I guess your kinda hungry . . . It beats the hell outa me why they didn't just shoot you. Anyway, I've got the job of keeping you in shape until you can manage yourself. Oh, yes, your wife is still in the infirmary. But only for observation." He added quickly, when he saw David's concern. "They want your little one to be born right."

As the big man spoke, others began drifting into the hut.

although some came over and slapped him on the back. They looked rather tired and worried. They were all glad that Harriman had volunteered to tell David that, while he was under sedation, his wife had "mysteriously" died. One of the men had tried to find out how, but the authorities had given him the run around . . . and a month's latrine duty.

When all the men were in, a horn sounded and they headed for dinner. Harriman filled David in as he helped him hobble to the mess hall. "Tonight's soup night . . . but then every night is soup night. Today we get some sort of Pea Soup, but if you find any Peas, I'll get you an extra portion. I hope you like stale bread, 'cause that's what you're going to live on."

While they ate, Leroi told David about the camp schedule. Since he was crippled, David would be put to work in the cook shack. The rest of the men were building a dam nearby. David would join them eventually, but in the meantime, he hoped David liked to peel potatoes. Real fast.



**Experimental Design** By Dwynn Fike

Lunch was hardtack, and salt-beef or pork. Supper was soup, bread, and on Sundays, ham.

As they walked back and entered the hut, David sighed, "It's going to be a long twenty years . . . Any chance of parole?"

Leroi looked startled, "I see they've got a good public relations man. Listen man, you need some straightening out . . . In the entire history of any of these camps, nobody has left with the commander's permission. Very few have left without it. You are here, period. Hold tight now, this is the bad part . . . your wife died while you were in the hospital. We tried, but we couldn't find out what happened. I'm sorry, but I had to tell you. I wish there was something I could do." He waited expectantly for David to break down, but the young man looked at the dirty windows, the filthy floor, and the unkempt men around him, and climbed onto his bunk. He lay there, not sleeping, for the rest of the night.

The next day, as he was leaving for the project, Leroi

cont'd.

watched as David ran into the commander's office, followed closely by guards. When they got back that night, he asked David about it.

"I went in and tried to brain Franz with this splint. Unfortunately, they stopped me before I got to him." He took off both splints, and threw them at a guard walking past the open door. Leroi went out and picked them up.

"You know," He said, "If we fasten these together, and make a pick out of them, we could dig a tunnel, and get out of this hole."

They let a German named Julius, and another Afro, Jones, in on the plan, and began the tunnel. Although the ground was frozen, they were moving pretty fast. After two weeks, they covered about seventy of the necessary hundred yards. Leroi and Jones would take turns digging, David would fill sacks with the dirt, giving the full ones to Julius, who was rinsing them out

started shouting.

Julius had undoubtedly been discovered. The other three climbed into the tunnel, caved in the shower end, and crawled to the brick barrier. Leroi smashed his way through, and helped the others out.

As they searched for the commandant's car, Jones had an idea. "Hey, if we snatch the commandant's wheels, every cop in the country is going to know what to look for. If we take one of these here army trucks, then they got to tell the difference between us and 20 million others."

Leroi grinned, popped open the hood on a nearby truck, and reached into the guts of the machine. Soon it growled and started. He climbed into the driver's seat, motioned David beside him, and indicated that Jones should get in the rear. He slammed the truck into gear as Jones climbed over the tail-gate, and headed for the door. He never dreamed that the truck couldn't break through the door.

tractor-trailer rig parked in front of the building. The little truck burst through the wooden door, and ran head on into the bigger truck. Leroi was not hurt, David was stunned, but Jones was killed when he was thrown through the canvas walls of the little truck, and the windshield of the other.

David knew that the crash would bring the guards, and he cocked the pistol that he found in the glove compartment, as Leroi got one from another truck. They hid by the grease pit near the back of the building, and waited. It was kind of fun shooting the men as they ran into the garage, but eventually, they stopped coming, and David began to worry about what they were going to do next. Suddenly, it was all over. A man they didn't see ran across a beam above their heads and threw a sparkling stick of TNT at them. It exploded, the roof fell on the spot where they had been kneeling, and their worries were over . . . forever.

Franz walked into the garage, looked around, and went back to



The tunnel was aimed to come up under the motor pool, which had a brick floor. One night, as they were waiting for Leroi to finish his part, Jones asked David about identification. David shrugged, and left. As Leroi came up for air, David returned with a guard's wallet, and rifle. He explained, "Some dumb guard choked to death out in the compound. I figured he wouldn't need these anymore."

The next morning, a gruelling search was conducted by the authorities for the missing papers, weapon and the murderer. After that, David was treated with much more respect than before.

Even so, it was in vain. The conspirators realized that most of the papers and I. D. numbers would be changed after the incident and they decided to forget them.

That night, Leroi struck the bottom of the garage floor, and they sent Julius back to the hut to get the rifle which was hidden in a downspout. He was gone but a few minutes when the sirens went off and a lot of people

To: Supt. of Parks, Albany, New York.

From: Director of Aiwa Zoo, Gowanda, New York.

Subject: Attempted escape of four inmates.

Dear Sir:

I regret to inform you that four of the inmates of this Zoo were killed while attempting to escape the premises.

Name CONVICTED OF

David Percy

Anarchist, attempted to assault state governor.

Leroi Harriman

Anarchist, assaulted officer of United States law, murder.

Roger Jones

Anarchist, murder.

Julius Dieringer

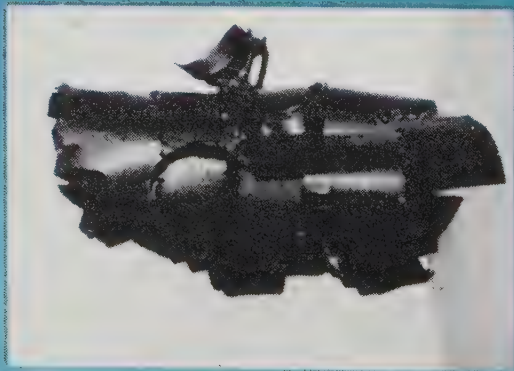
Anarchist.

The above men were extremely difficult to control, and unfortunately, it was necessary to eliminate them.

Respectfully,  
William Franz  
Curator.

This report would be sent to the State capital where the superintendent would read it and forward it to the United States Senate. It would be read to the delegates, and filed in the Congressional record. There would be the end of this story. No questions would be asked, for these things were accepted, now. That's how the whole country, east of the Sierra Nevadas, was run. That's the way things are done now.

This sculpture is made from pieces of organ pipe taken from a former organ of the church I attend. As I attempted to construct it, it kept falling apart. But as a true church does, it at last rose above its downfall to become a church with a solid foundation upon which to stand.



The Question being

Is God Dead

I say that:

If love is dead

and

If God is love

then yes

God is dead

(God is love is dead)

The Question thus becomes

Is Love Dead

I say

Only in some people.

Conclusion:

God is dead

Where love is

God is.

And vice versa

Becky Schlemmer

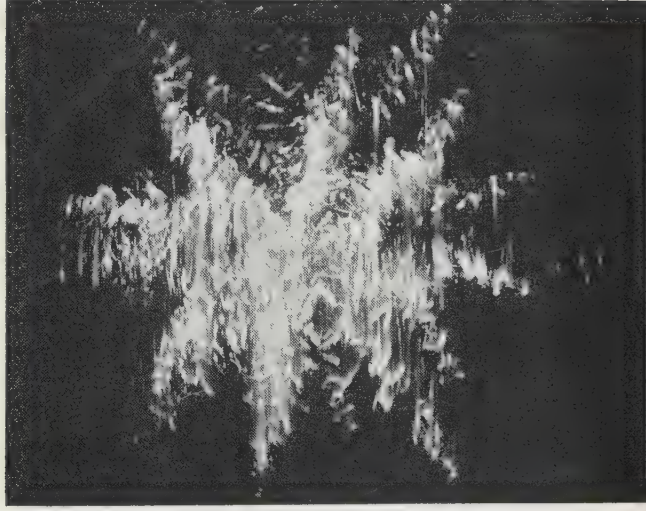
## THE UNVEILING OF TRUTH

*maturing is like  
the unveiling of a  
mystery—  
little*

*by  
little  
the curtain  
lifts  
and there lies  
truth.*

Jennifer Flannery

Snowflake By Anita Douthat



## IT'S JUST A GAME

Dale Crail

A cloud of blue-gray smoke hung suspended over the table. The cigarettes and cigars created an almost luminous fog that accumulated beneath the single light bulb. The casual gestures of the men seated around the table resulted in elaborate patterns of swirling smoke, but they continued playing, oblivious to the delicate tapestry being woven above their heads.

It was well after midnight when the crowd finally began to disperse. Yawning and stretching, they straightened their ties and rolled down their sleeves, then began the long journey home. In their minds they were devising clever explanations to face their

"Come on, Randall, quit daydreaming! I want the rest of your money before I call it a night." Carter had a way of getting under your skin with his smile and smooth voice.

Carter reached across the table and grabbed the dice. He rattled them in his cupped hands, then dropped them. Four. Carter drew a card and smiled. "You owe me some more money, Randall, and that roll you're holding will just about cover it."

"No!" Randall screamed, kicking his chair out behind him. He had reached the breaking point. If he was to rid himself of Carter, the time was now.

"You're not going to get any more of my money. Never again. Do you hear me, Carter? Never again."

"Calm down, Randall. It, it's not that bad. It's just a game." Carter's smooth voice had given way to an obviously frightened

Carter pushed the dice across the table, smiling behind his heavy black glasses. "Your roll, Randall. What's the matter, boy? Nervous? Not much left in that bundle you got, huh?" he said, indicating the money in Randall's hand.

Randall took the dice. Without looking up, he lit a cigarette and drew the smoke deep into his lungs. He held his clenched fist over the table, then opened his hand. The dice fell and bounced to a stop.

Carter flashed his Satanic smile and looked up at Randall. "Six," he said. "You know what that means. You owe me fifty bucks."



like this for as long as any of the players could remember. A crowd would gather; then everyone would leave Carter and Randall playing on into the early morning hours. Inevitably, Carter always won, and the effect on Randall was beginning to show. He had known Carter a long time, and he had hated him for just as long. Randall had suppressed his feelings over the years, and now they were ready to explode inside him.

It wouldn't take much to light the fuse.

Randall drew the back of his hand slowly across his damp forehead. He cast a worried look at his winnings—almost nothing. They had been playing since nine, and it was now two in the morning. He was in trouble, big trouble.

bulls and tossed the fifty dollars across the table to Carter.

"What's the matter, Randall? Can't you lose like a man? Or maybe you're not a man at all, huh boy?"

Randall stared down at his hands as he spoke, "Carter, one of these days you're going to push me too far—"

"Yeah," Carter cut in, "then what will you do? Cry?"

Randall wiped the beads of water off the can of beer that sat on the table. He brought the can to his lips and took a long, cool drink. "Carter was always a better man than me," he thought as he glanced at the smiling figure sitting across from him, "and he knows it."

That's why Randall hated the man with such a deep passion. "Maybe I'll get even tonight," he thought. He reached inside the pocket of his coat, which was draped over the back of his chair, and felt the cold steel of the pistol.

Randall's face was red with anger. "Don't touch that money. Put it back. Put it back now!"

Carter looked up at Randall, seeing a man wild with anger. It took him several seconds before he saw the pistol in Randall's hand.

Carter was scared. Still clutching the money, he started to rise slowly from his chair. "Randall, I didn't—"

The gun sounded, cutting Carter's words off. Carter remained motionless as blood trickled from the neat, round hole in his forehead. He tried to speak, but the words wouldn't form.

His hand dropped. The pink and yellow money fluttered to the floor. Carter slumped, dead, over the Monopoly board.

## LONELINESS

*Loneliness is—*

*When rain spatters the window  
making even laughter depressing.*

*When on a Saturday night you're home  
watching T.V. with your family.*

*When salty tears stream down your face  
as your ex-boyfriend laughs with his new girl.*

*When you want to say something special,  
and no one seems to understand.*

*Loneliness is—*

*When you sit at home waiting for a phone call,  
and you know that it's no use.*

*When you realize that you're about to graduate,  
and you don't know what you want from life.*

**Youth is lonely:  
It hurts.  
I ache.**

Janna Bruene

Loneliness is—

*When your best girlfriend gets engaged,  
and you wished that you were that sure.*

*When you meet an old friend,  
and he doesn't seem to recognize you.*

*When you want to be very much in love,  
and you realize that you're too young.*

*When you give a loud burst of laughter  
during a sad western . . .*

Denise Lindholm



# WtEaster

by Susan Farringer

babies and flowers

decisive day

broken eggs

dyed children searching

ooo crying competition ooooo

lottery of yolk

chocolate covered

deaf grandma grinning

gaiety a la egg

aluminum covered bunnies smothered in pseudo-grass

plastic-basket-lawns

heaped too high

children high on plastic grass

hunting hidden eggs unborn

tumbling tumbling laughing

everything going insane

Freak Out this Easter

Jesus Christ Arose

buy your plastic grass today

and celebrate a resurrection





Sitting in a history class,

trying not to show that the girl who is talking bores me to death  
looking out the window up the road that goes over the hill and down the creek  
wondering where it goes after

trying to see the door of the barn on the hill  
like I used to try to see the twin spires of st. anthony of padua.

nosy people try to hear everything, concerned people try to understand everything and I,  
just try to exist until the girl stops talking and I can  
have a cup of coffee and a donut.

why

am

i

more

interested in a

donut

than a

person?

how is

it

that

I thirst

after coffee

more

than

knowledge?

But I can see the barn.

WOODY JACKSON, CHATHAM, N.J., 19 / "I became interested in photography while I was on a trip west when I was 14. This picture, 'Consistency' was not special, but it was the best of what I had printed. It was taken in the fall of 1968 with an Asahi Pentax Spotmatic with a 55 mm. lens."

MARGARET LINDLEY, BELLINGHAM, WASH., 18 / "I think this poem, 'Dawn,' is something that anyone could relate to—though what emotion it evokes will be different for each person, which is the way I think it should be."

KARLA YAROTSKY, NEW PROVIDENCE, N.J., 16 / "While taking the class 'drawing, painting, and design,' I became interested in craft forms with a bit of folk art. This is why I like my entries 'Southern Comfort' and 'Weeds—they reflect folk art in their roughness and simplicity."

KATHY GROW, MOBRIDGE, S.D., 17 / "This poem was kind of in rebellion against an English assignment. We were warned against writing in free verse because it was hard to do, so I decided to do it! The name, 'Twelfth Street: Number One,' results from the fact that the inspiration came walking home from school—on Twelfth Street, of course."

JANET LEEF, MOUNTAIN LAKES, N.J., 14 / "I've always been fascinated with the way words are sifted together to create a mood or convey a thought! I got the inspiration for 'Let Me Paint You' one gray, drizzly November afternoon when I was feeling down, and walking alone down a small path near the edge of a bare field. Suddenly I wanted to 'paint' the earth and to laugh with it."

ANDREW JOHNSTON, CINCINNATI, OHIO, 15 / Photography is not merely the product of film, paper, and developer, but the communication of ideas and feelings. You use the necessary technical processes to express these ideas and feelings. I have enlarged the picture of the girl through lens tissue, giving the lacy, delicate appearance."

JOSEPH WILSON, STURGEON BAY, WIS., / "Writing lets me express myself freely, and perhaps will be a way to make the world a little better than it was before I came into it. My short story, 'John's Lunch,' was written about only one of a million places where similar things occur and where the common people can be found."

Jo Ann



Andrew



Kathy



Janet



Chris



poem was written about two a.m., after a long discussion on the meaning of loneliness. When I write, I find a certain order in things that carries over to my daily life."

JOHN ROSA MONROE, WIS., 16 / "Several years ago I entered a local photography contest and took first place. This was no great achievement as there were only a few entries, but it was enough to get me started. Since then, I have made several films." Entry: "Fish Market."

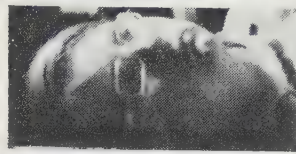
JO ANN KUBO, LA GRANGE, ILL., 16 / "Safe!" was written on a fall retreat with my youth group. Lake Michigan was weakly submitting to the Canadian winds that created aggressive waves along the beach. The sun was out, but its efforts to protect the numbers of butterflies that were being slapped onto the cold froth were in vain. Well, the poem just wrote itself—it's one of the few that I felt didn't need alteration or correction after it was written."

MARGARET NUSSBAUM, NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO, / Entry: "Boy See Girl." "The idea of the poem came to me after being faced numerous times with the problem of having to ask, 'Is it a boy or a girl?'"

CHRIS HOWE, NEW BRITAIN, CONN., 17 / "I began working on 'Olatts' in October and completed him in March. I used rolled-up newspaper for a form and built him up with paper mache and clay. The hardest part was tearing out pieces of colored paper and pasting them on one by one. Joy came when I gave him to a friend for his birthday."

RUTH BLUE, NEW BRIGHTON, MINN., 15 / "I think that everyone has one of those moments when after a trying day at work or school, something happens and you realize that things aren't as bad as they seem. When I wrote 'Quiet . . . that was one of those moments for me.'"

LISA CRANE, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., 16 / "'Starfish' is my first experiment in structured poetry without a specific assignment. The message involved is best interpreted by the reader, but it was designed as a lament for those who are searching for something and don't realize that it is an integral part of them all the time."



Woody

John

Lise



Margaret L.



Joe



Karla







ancy By Woody Jackson



## DAWN

Thin brittle, barren branches  
stretch skyward  
through the ethereal mist  
that hovers over the  
patched roofs of the poor.

A lone limping dog  
wanders aimlessly  
around mud puddles  
and a lost seagull  
glides through the greying sky.  
Dawn has come.

By Margaret Lindley

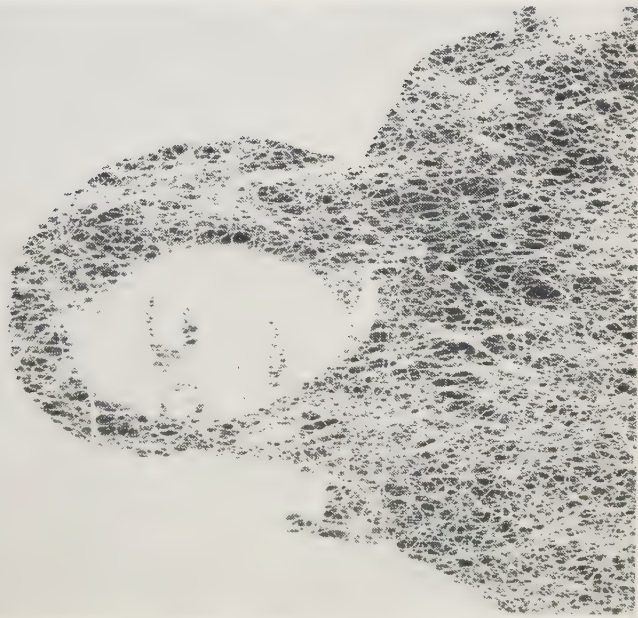
## LET ME PAINT YOU

The earth has just been  
washed in buckets  
of rain,  
And now it sits and drips  
silently.  
The trees are dark and wet  
and the ground bare  
and dull.  
The sky stretches endlessly  
in its dull grayness,  
and vanishes suddenly behind  
the horizon.  
No sun shines.  
It's like an artist's canvas,  
and an empty picture has  
been painted on it.  
I don't like empty pictures.  
Give me a brush and I will  
paint you some color,  
Splashes of sunny color,  
and dancing color.  
And then maybe we can laugh  
at it.  
and the world will laugh  
with us.  
and there will be laughter  
and something to see.  
Here, my earth, give me



"Weeds" and "Southern Comfort", pottery by Karla Yarotsky

By Andrew Johnston



*It's sunny outside!  
And burnished rays diffuse  
Through auburn shafts  
Of clean and blowing hair.  
Curl'd and swirled  
And intertwin'd  
Mixed-up, merry  
States of mind,  
And lots of hair!  
Somersaults of summer sun  
And springtime sauce  
To autumn pudding,  
All skip down the winter walk,  
And all I see are sun and hair.  
And hair.  
And sun.  
And you!*

By Kathy Grow

as she takes a chewed pencil from her right ear to write on her small pink notepad, her stock question is, "What'll it be for yas this mornin' boys?"

The restaurant is starting to fill up now. (As I turn my head towards the door I almost become enthusiastic.) With four old and tired looking men comes someone I thought I hadn't seen before, but then I see it is Luke Carter. He has on a new suit and his hair is cut neatly, though the face is familiar, and I know he is the same bank clerk I see occasionally on the street. Nothing's really different, just the same customers who come in every morning to chouse from one of the three things on the forty cent breakfast menu.

Behind the men comes old Jack, yes, the same weatherbeaten face and the cheap foul smelling cigar hanging from his mouth. As he passes me I detected the smell of alcohol. Eight-thirty in the morning, and he's already been drinking. He opens the creaking wooden door to the bathroom bearing the faded letters **RE TROOM**. Then he lets loose with a loud sneeze.

My attention is distracted from him by the sound of a piece of silverware hitting the dirty floor. Sounds of, "Nice goin', Mary Lou, and Chee," go up around the restaurant as a young waitress with stringy blonde hair sets two plates of ham and eggs down on the scuffed floor. She picks up the knife she has dropped and raises the plates to the



## JOHN'S LUNCH

By Joseph W. Wilson

It's about half past eight as I sit here on this split and tattered stool, in this poor excuse for a restaurant. In front of me is a most appetizing plate of hot sizzling, greasy eggs and bacon. As I lift a tarnished silver fork which has been placed on the wrong side of my plate by an extremely efficient waitress, a dominant thought sears through me, "Gees, I just gotta get out of here."

My thoughts of escape are temporarily interrupted by the hard slamming of a screen door. A shabbily dressed man in his late fifties carrying an old wooden cane has entered the restaurant; although from his brisk step to the counter it doesn't seem as if he needs it. As the unshaven, unwashed, old fellow sits down on one of the broken revolving stools, I think of how typical he is to all the other characters who frequent this well known establishment - bearing the distinctive



and the cheap monstrosities hanging on the walls is purely coincidental.

A huge rather dominating man comes from the back of the restaurant where the overwhelming smell of grease seems to originate. He's the fattest man I've ever seen, and the short stubby cigarette that's sitting on the edge of his tongue seems to be held in by his enormous bulging cheeks. Wearing a tight fitting soiled apron, he's the perfect picture of a prize winning hog at a country fair. Stopping to pour a battered cup full of hot coffee, his tremendous girth stretching over the counter, he quips an intelligent remark to an elderly woman, "Sure it's fresh; it was ground this morning."

Everything about this place makes my stomach turn. The stagnant air, wastebaskets chucked full of garbage, an unswept floor full of cigarette butts, and a yellowish white light that could only be compared to an early twentieth-century poolroom.

Everyone in this place looks the same. Cheap clothes in yellows, greys, and browns. Nothing distinctive or expensive looking is ever worn. Even the talk about the room is all the same. "What will happen if the war doesn't end?" The growing price of everything and "does it really look as if it will rain this afternoon?" My God, what a place.

An old waitress with her greyish brown hair held up in a hair net has waited on one of the booths. She has that worn out false smile on; and

sleep much, but then knowing Mary Lou, she probably didn't want to.

The fat man approaches me and pours a glass of milk from an oval shaped pitcher. Setting it down in front of me he flicks some ashes into an ash tray on my left and turns to look at the kitchen as he hears dishes clanging into a sink full of running water. Gees, I'd think he could lose a little weight.

Sipping the warm milk, I take another look around the broken down restaurant. The slovenly dressed characters chewing with their mouths wide open, gossiping away . . . But my thoughts of the people are cut short as a very large and warm hand touches my left arm. I look up at the stern face that is so familiar to me and the fat man says, "All right, Son, you'd better get back in the kitchen and help your mother with the dishes."



Chicken tracks  
on a desolate dusty road—  
Signs of civilization  
to a weary wanderer,







**Windy** By Dianne Bracewell

**SAFE!**

Condensed sunbeams  
are a tiny butterfly's wings  
And pencil lines his legs.



## BOY SEES GIRL

*He wonders what her name is, that girl over there,  
If only she would turn around and look at him or stare.  
Her chestnut hair graces down her slender spine,  
He thinks, wonders, and meditates, "Will she be mine?"*

*She's turning around now, will she look his way?  
If only she would smile at him like a summer day.  
His heart beats with rapture and it beats with joy,  
He sees her face, and then, oh no, SHE is a boy.*

Margaret Nussbaum

*Delicately  
Cupping his soggy life in her hands  
She lays him in the sun.*

*Scavengering  
A board for her friend to lie on  
She dusts the sand away.*

*Wading still on  
She finds further along the beach  
Scores of floundering 'flies.*

*Back for the board—  
Silent prayer as they flutter to life  
Standing soaked from efforts.*

*Small hospital  
though it is, manages 'flies well  
Bedding thirty in all.*

*As the sun rises  
And draws the condensed beams to her,  
My own heart and soul wing high.*

Jo Ann Kubo





Not hot with anger or excitement.  
Not cold with hate.  
Just warm,  
Like a Saturday morning when you don't have to get up  
and your  
Electric blanket is just right;  
Like a roll ready to eat with butter melting on it.  
Like that,  
A thinking mood.  
You can take problems with you; they don't matter  
as much.  
You can think on them objectively.  
Not a wildly happy mood, but not sad.  
Contented, yes.  
Dreamy, very.  
I can dream without fear of reprisal by my more  
sensible self.  
Dream—wild, flying dreams,  
Completely away from the big, real world.  
It comes when I am outdoors,  
Breathing the fresh air nature provides  
and  
Thinking about the beauty of earth;  
When I have found a book I like or a new magazine:  
When somebody says something nice to me and means it.  
Not rebellious, not angry, not tired, not overwrought,  
not silly, not hysterical.  
Just . . . comfortable.

Ruth Blue

## STARFISH

Anxious but to be a whole  
the wounded starfish reaches in  
to find the tiny bit of soul

the ocean gods once gave to him.

Groping now with many hands

he seeks the very star contained

within the silver grains of sand

which form the symbols of his name.

Although an oyster, in control

with concentrated strength, he maims,

he cannot crack his grain of soul

and weeps for want of just the same.

Lise Crane

